

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF

Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

MAY 28, 1840.

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A LATE article in our journal, on *nothing*—to wit, English opera—has drawn on us a half-approving, half-reproachful letter, which, with the signature “Patria” will be found in our present number, and to which we beg to direct the attention of such of our readers as are immediately concerned in the matter therein discussed. Our correspondent gently insinuates that we have said a great deal to very little purpose—that is, he discharges at us, luckless wights that we are!—the aphorism that “it is easier to criticise a bad work than to make a perfect one.” We fully agree with him—nay more;—we think it easier to *talk* of faults, than to *do* anything of any sort, either, good, bad, or indifferent. Still—craving his forbearance—we cannot admit that the labours of our pen in this behoof have been wholly unserviceable, since they have provoked *his* letter; and if his scribbling and ours unitedly beget more to a similar purpose, the “beginning of the end” will be accomplished, and, in the discussion, we shall have promoted the remedy, of the grievance. We endure the taunts of “Patria” with most philosophical humour, for we believe in the goodness of his intentions;—nay, for that sake we even give him our share of absolution for the little ebullition of vanity contained in his offer to afford us the benefit of his experience in the “best and dearest school,” and to place himself in the van of the musical phalanx, which, with Heaven’s smile on a good cause, may hereafter, we trust, become as resistless as that of olden Macedonia; still we really must say a something whereby, if possible, to extricate ourselves from the reviewer’s dilemma to which he alludes. He is a sly man and acute, this “Patria;” nevertheless he has not wholly got us in the toils, neither in our hearts do we believe he desires such a consummation. In the first place, who would put faith in a

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physician professing to cure a disorder of which he had not established a diagnosis of the symptoms? Who would venture to predict success for the general who drives his troops pell-mell on his enemy's position without previously ascertaining its assailable points? No one, we opine. We, as surgeons-extraordinary to the sore places of our operatic system, or "*Patria*," at the head of the aforesaid phalanx, would, in such case, fail to a certainty: and on either of these similitudes rests our apology for the beginning we have made. "But," hints our correspondent, "all the world long ago admitted the imperfections of English opera." True, good "*Patria*," but neither all the world, nor that part of it known as the Musical World, ever before publicly attacked those imperfections with the resolute spirit in which we have commenced the discussion, and will, *Apollo volente*, carry it through to the end. On this point we are pugnacious, even unto savageness: we lack neither courage nor training, but have not, until now, secured anything in the shape of a backer. What with church-music and operatic-music we have our hands full. On one side comes the "*Precentor*," and on the other, "*Patria*," each urging us with whip and spur to the completion of our journey before we have well made up our mind for the beginning. To both gentlemen we would preach patience. Their hobbies are not less *ours* than *theirs*, and it shall go hard with us but we will yet see each housed in a stable to its master's satisfaction. Concerning the performance of English opera, we have taken the first step towards the wished-for reform. We discussed the absurdities of its general system of management—its singers—its orchestras—its music-directors; and we further suggested what all these *ought* to be. Notwithstanding the imputed staleness of such remarks, we would ask "*Patria*" have not operatic performances been puffed in newspapers as admirable which ought to have been scoffed at as ridiculous? Have not singers been permitted to exercise an impertinent censorship over the works of composers, without public reproof or comment? Have not orchestras been frequently praised for such a manner of scraping as would have subjected a street band in a really musical community to incarceration in the nearest watch-house? Have not "music directors" received large salaries for the privilege of typographizing their names in play-bills, in conjunction with duties which they never thought it worth their while to attempt? And, by the operation of these causes, have not composers, one after another, been victimized,—no one, not even "*Patria*" himself, meanwhile, holding up a finger to arrest the evil? A remedy for this debased state of our operatic music, is, we admit, a matter of grave and difficult consideration. Our correspondent, has still, we fear, the beam in his own eye as regards suggestiveness, but his letter nevertheless contains one practical hint. His instances of the Royal Academy and the Philharmonic are apposite, and the inference he deduces, that composers should unite to work out their own redemption, is clear and natural. In this we fully concur, and with such a view we some time since proposed that the young composers of the metropolis should form a society—a *conversazione* we then expressed it—which, by the natural tendency of all unions, would not only teach them the existence of their rights,

but also their power to enforce them. From such an institution, we doubt not, most important results, even to the establishment of a national opera, might, and probably would, arise; but *how* this is to be accomplished, or even commenced, must be reserved for a more lengthened consideration than we have at present space to devote to it. But, meanwhile, are we to be the only workers in the field? Will none of the Bennetts, Loders, Barnettts, Macfarreans, or any of the lesser luminaries, step forward with the aid of their advice or opinions? We pledge ourselves and our pages to their cause when and however they require them. Let them bestir themselves—let them rally round the little standard we have unfurled, and they shall ever find in our Journal a ready medium for the expression of their sentiments, be they touching the formation of such a union as we have proposed, or be they on any other point affecting that subject in which they and we take an equal interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir—Your article on the German opera this week is indeed a biting one—severe, because true, and tormenting from the almost hopelessness of remedy for the evils alluded to; yet you, like other philosophers, have proved that it is easier to condemn than to correct, and shown that the truism so often inflicted upon reviewers—"that it is less difficult and hazardous to criticise a faulty work, than to produce a perfect one"—may be applicable in more ways than one.

Yourself, sir, and your numerous correspondents have, for a long time, kept up a running fire against the prejudices, caprices, false taste, unnational apathy, chilling neglect, &c., which beset native musical talent, and prevent the establishment of a national opera; but you deal only random shots, and one may look in vain for any regular siege of an obnoxious post, or any clan-like gathering, to enter the field with ardour and emulative aspirations for success. To be sure, we had a project some few years back, to which a number of names were subscribed, and for which a number of guineas were collected; but the scheme was so hyperbolical, that plain-sailing people beheld it as a sort of joint-stock squib, well understood in the city, kindled and set a spluttering for the sole purpose of alarming certain persons, and profiting a few others: be that as it may, the plan has proved unworkable, and the funds—by the way, sir, I hope it is not treason to inquire in what stronghold the balance has been deposited?

Now, sir, permit me to remind your readers that the first cultivators and supporters of our noble English drama, were the poets and actors themselves, who associated in the reign of Elizabeth, to do that which power and wealth could never effect, and which patronage is but too happy to smile upon when once it is effected: it was the poets and actors alone who caused the revival of that drama, whence Charles II. claims credit for his right-royal sanction. Again, our Academy of the Fine Arts owes its birth to a few public-spirited painters, who bred the nursing by their own labours, and at their own cost, to a maturity from which the cognomen of "royal" could no longer be withheld, and lastly, our mighty Philharmonic had its origin in a small domestic society, whose talents and purses consolidated the foundation on which the wealthy and formidable structure has been raised. It would seem then, that our dramatic musicians have but to unite, to fix their purpose, to curb their wild expectations, and by so doing, to succeed—at least it is worth the experiment, and if your correspondents and yourself will communicate through the pages of your valuable journal such suggestions as may be deemed available and contributory to the object in view, there is but little doubt of some spirited leader heading the band of strugglers in the glorious cause. I will go farther—should this proposition, from which so much general information may be expected, and by which it is presumed many useful hints will be elicited, fail to enlist the attention of some more potent and desirable conductor, I will cheerfully harness myself to the enterprise; and, with a considerable experience obtained in the best and dearest school, bring to the onerous task a zeal and a patriotism which none shall gainsay, and nothing shall repress; be it, however, understood, that the fulfilment of this offer will be only consequent upon the

development of some tangible proposition—some pledge of unanimity that may give reasonable hopes to the undertaking, and some guarantee that the weight of the struggle shall not lie on individual shoulders. I desire but to participate in the glory of founding a National Opera, and it is but fair that the toil and expense, and the possible failure of even the most reasonable attempt, should be shared by my compeers.

I shall look, sir, with anxiety and interest, for your very valuable hints on this matter, as well as for the earnestness and spirit with which you enter into all that relates to the glory of music, and the welfare of its professors.—I am, sir, your constant reader,

Brompton, May 20th. 1840.

PATRIA.

YORKSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—In a recent number of the *Musical World*, there was a paragraph recommending that a festival should be held in York this year. The following paragraph appeared in the *Manchester Chronicle* very soon afterwards:—"YORKSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—At a meeting of influential gentlemen held on Friday morning in York, it was resolved to postpone the festival intended to be held next September, until another year, there not being sufficient time to effect the proper arrangements." It is a singular fact that the very next publication of that paper contained the account of the destruction of the nave of the Minster at York; a very summary seconding of the resolution of the "influential gentlemen" of that city.—Your's, &c.

Salford, Manchester, May 25th, 1840.

A. B.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

GERMAN OPERA.—The newspaper critics have stumbled on a puzzler at last for their "talented pens." Spohr's *Faust*, clearly enough, does not sit comfortably on their stomachs, and yet they are somewhat scrupulous about avowing their distaste for the dose. Some of the products of this kind of antagonist-action are rather amusing. In some quarters, we hear of *Faust* as "deficient in melody," but yet possessing a great deal of "harmony;"—in others, it is represented as very "scientific, but not pleasing;" and much more fiddle-faddle of a like tendency, plainly showing that the critics have got into shoal water, where they will probably remain until the next tide of Donizetti, or some similar deliverance shall float them off. The fact is that the "melody," the "harmony," and the "science," of Spohr's operatic *chef-d'œuvre* are all equally beyond their ken. So seldom is the London public favoured, for the first time, with dramatic music that is not either pure slip-slop, or else exaggerated beyond all bounds of rational endurance, that the duty of writing "fashionable notices" of such matters is a most innocent and matter-of-course occupation, and the production of a first-rate opera, suddenly startles us with the discovery that a critic really ought to know *something* of the subject on which he vouchsafes his comments. We write for the musical, and not the *fashionable*, world, and therefore do not intend to give an "analysis" of *Faust*. Our musical readers, if they have not previously heard it in public, doubtless know it by the surer process of private study, and to those who do not, we earnestly recommend a thorough perusal of its score previous to a visit to the Prince's Theatre, or—(allowing for the difference of musical education)—they may not, perhaps, be more smitten with it on a first hearing than the critics aforesaid. Those who know it, and, at the same time, have any pretensions to judicial capability, will not require us to point out that, if it does not contain "melody" (for which, read "Son vergin vezzosa," "Suona la tromba," "Vivi tu," "Trona e corona," "Jim Crow," "Nix my dolly," *cum multis aliis*) it is full of examples in which the musical scale is at least thrown into forms of intense beauty;—we will not quibble about terms—"melody" it certainly is not, if the term be at all applicable to the things we have just quoted, but it nevertheless frequently realizes our utmost anticipations concerning music. Those who know it, are also aware that it contains some of Spohr's most beautiful writing, and do not need us to help them to the conclu-

sion that this, if fitly executed, is rather more likely to be "pleasing" than any thing else. That an impression slightly unfavourable to *Faust* and its author should have been created by the performance of last Thursday evening is not extremely surprising. Spohr writes too much for his own gratification to have any chance of pleasing all the world at a first trial. The quiet and gentle tone of his music insinuates itself into the affections of the hearer rather than seizes on them by absolute force. Its pure and delicate beauties must be again and again contemplated before their worth becomes apparent in its fullest extent. This, from the nature of the music, must be the case even under the most favourable conjunction of circumstances;—a state of things which certainly did not exist in the first attempt of the German company. So far from admitting this to be an effective, or even fair, representation of *Faust*, we cannot consider it otherwise than more than half a failure. The power of the score is enfeebled by a band disproportioned as to the quantity of its fiddles and basses, and the music, generally, assails the singers on their most vulnerable point—execution. Of this latter defect we had two notable instances in the *scena* for *Kunigunde* in the first act, and the song in E for *Hugo* with chorus. On both these points Spohr was much more fairly treated in the performance of his *Azor and Zemira* at Covent Garden some years since. Both the songs which we have mentioned, also, have been at various times heard in London to greater advantage than in the German edition of *Faust*. The *scena*, "Si, lo sento," was exquisitely sung by Miss Rainforth at a Philharmonic concert of last season, and the *aria* of *Hugo* was sung at one of the vocal concerts a few years since by Mr. Horncastle, who, if he do not possess the natural qualifications of Schmezer, at all events executed all the passages which the German tenor found it convenient to omit. The most ably-sustained character in the performance at the Prince's Theatre, is the *Mephistopheles* of Herr Pöeck. It was the acting of a thorough artist. The quietude of the first few scenes seemed purposely designed as a foil to the vigour of the conclusion;—it grew in fervour with the increasing interest of the situations, until, in the last scene, it reached a climax of power such as, in melodramatic acting, we have seldom witnessed. His singing was equally admirable, although he chose to omit fully one half of the grand song, "Stille noch dies Wuth-Verlangen." This piece of bad taste is wholly unaccountable, since the composition was mutilated without depriving it of any other difficulty than may exist in its length. Madame Fischer Schwartzbock is, we think, less successful in *Kunigunde* than in any other part she has yet essayed. She appeared careless or indifferent as to the peculiar sentiment of the music, and sang it with a very unworthy degree of roughness, besides tumbling over what matters of execution it contains in a manner which discovered but slight acquaintance with the mechanism of her art. The part of *Faust* is laborious and difficult in the extreme. But few voices are capable of executing the music as written, and its length and complication are quite sufficient to unnerve a singer unless of the very highest acquirement. We make these remarks by way of qualification to our opinion of Herr Eike's performance, which we thought feeble, as measured by the capabilities of the character, but still respectable as a struggle with its difficulties. Any singer who could acquit himself as did Herr Eike of such a task as the *scena*, "Wie ist mir," is entitled to allowance for a host of faults. Herr Schmezer, as *Hugo*, did nothing to relieve the character of mediocrity thrown over the whole performance. His brilliant voice told effectively in the concerted music, but his style was antithetical to a just reading of Spohr's intention. Next to Herr Pöeck, Madame Schumann is entitled to favourable notice. Her beautiful voice was even more winning than usual in the pretty and very German sentimentalities of *Roeschen*, and she sang the lovely aria, "Durft ich mich nennen," with a grace and good feeling which would have done credit to singers of far greater pretension. On the whole, Spohr's finest opera suffers very scurvy treatment. In addition to the defects of the principals, the band and chorus are anything but excellent, the music is directed with but slight perception of its true meaning, and the stage arrangements are in the last degree miserable.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The eighth and last performance took place last night, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, for Earl Fortescue, senior

director; conductor, H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac., Oxon. The following is the programme:—

PART I

Dettingen Te Deum, 1st, 2nd, and 4th Movements.....	Handel.
Chorus—We praise Thee, O God	
Chorus—To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim	
Hymn on the Nativity—Adeste Fideles	
Recit.—And God said	
Air—Now heaven in fullest glory	} Mr. Phillips (Creation)..... Haydn.
Recit.—Ecco il punto	
Aria—Non più di fiori	} Miss Edwards (La Clemenza di Tito) Mozart.
Recit. acc.—Comfort ye	
Air—Every valley	} Mr. Pearsall (Messiah)..... Handel.
Chorus—And the glory of the Lord	
Recit.—Quindi a ragione	} Mme. Caradori Allan (Cantata)..... Paisiello.
Aria—Ah! chi può	
Chorus—La gioia	
Recit.—Hai già vinta?	} Signor Tamburini (Le Nozze di Figaro) Mozart.
Aria—Vedro mentre	
Sestetto—Sola, sola (Il Don Giovanni).....	Mozart.
Recit.—Vainement Pharaon	} Mme. Dorus Gras (Joseph)..... Mehul.
Air—Champs paternels	
Chorus—Hallelujah! (Messiah).....	Handel.

PART II

Overture (Idomeneo).....	Mozart.
Chorus—Kyrie, and Gloria (from a Service in D).....	Beethoven.
Aria—(Mdle. Nan)—Voi che sapete (Figaro).....	Mozart.
Glee—(Messrs. Hawkins, Harrison, Pearsall, and Phillips)—By Celia's amour.....	Horsley.
Movement from Military Symphony.....	Haydn.
Chorus—May no rash intruder (Solomon).....	Handel.
Aria—(Mr. Brizzi)—Rendi il sereno (Sosarme).....	Handel.
Recit.—And God saw	
Chorus—Achieved is the glorious	} Mdle. Nan, Messrs. Harrison, and Phillips (Creation)..... Haydn.
Trio—On Thee each living soul	
Chorus—Achieved is the glorious	
Duetto—(Mme. Caradori and Signor Tamburini)—Cruel, perchè (Le Nozze di Figaro).....	Mozart.
Aria—(Mme. Dorus Gras)—Parto (La Clemenza di Tito).....	Mozart.
Grand Chorus—O praise the Lord.....	Leo.

Madame Dorus Gras made her first appearance this season, and was warmly received. She gave both her songs with her accustomed brilliancy of style and flexibility of voice, and threw a great volume of tone into the latter part of Mozart's song which was accompanied on the clarinet by Mr. Williams. The "Hallelujah" chorus was sublimely performed, all the company standing up. Horsley's elegant glee was nicely sung, and M. Brizzi gave Handel's song with great taste and expression. This song was first sung in the opera of *Sosarme*, but it is better known as "Lord, remember David." Miss Edwards gave Mozart's song in a more subdued manner than she is accustomed to do, consequently better; her voice deserves all the pains that could be bestowed on its cultivation. Mr. Pearsall acquitted himself extremely well in Handel's recitative and song. His voice is a perfect tenor, of a very good quality, and his articulation is clear and distinct. Paisiello's fine cantata was brilliantly sung by Madame Caradori; the effect of the chorus singing staccato notes while the principal voice is revelling in florid passages is exceedingly good. Haydn's beautiful trio and glorious chorus were excellently performed; and Leo's magnificent chorus closed a very fine concert, which did great credit to the Most Rev. Director. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was present, attended by Earl Howe, Earl of Denbigh, Lord and Lady Barrington, and the Hon. Miss Gore; also the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, the Duke and Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, Lord and Lady Burghersh, the Archbishop of York, Lady Johnson and Miss V. Harcourt, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Powis, the Duchess of Cannizzaro, the Earl of Devon, the Dowager Countess of Essex, the Earl of Bandon, the Dowager Countess of Brownlow, Lady Mary Feilding, the Hon. R. Clive, the Bishops of London and Chichester, Lady Caroline Graham, Lord Lismore, Lady Bassett, Lady E. Palk, Lady Lowther, Viscountess and Lady Olivia Acheson, Miss Burdett Coutts, Baron Knesbeck, the Hon. General Bligh, the French Ambassador, and a brilliant assemblage of about 500 persons of rank and fashion. The direc-

tors have done all in their power, during the present season, to render the performances as attractive as possible by engaging all available eminent talent, both native and foreign, and by introducing compositions of the very highest class, sacred and secular, which have been performed in the first style of excellence, by an orchestra complete in every department.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Sixth concert, Monday, May 25.

PART I.

Sinfonia Eroica (con Marcia funebre).....	Beethoven.
Aria—(Mme. Caradori Allan)—Parto; with Clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams (Clemenza di Tito).....	Mozart.
Quartetto—(Messrs. Cramer, F. Cramer, Moralt and Lindley)—Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.....	Mozart.
Aria—(Signor Tamburini)—A rispettarmi apprenda (Mose in Egitto).....	Rossini.
Overture in D.....	A. Romberg.

PART II.

Sinfonia in D.....	Mozart.
Recit ed Aria—(Mme. Caradori Allan)—Fern von ihm.....	C. M. von Weber.
Trio—(Messrs. Blagrove, Loder, and Lindley)—Violin, Viola, and Violoncello.....	Beethoven.
Duetto—(Mme. Caradori Allan and Signor Tamburini)—Di capricci (Corradino).....	Rossini.
Overture—Jessonda.....	Spohr.

We had another specimen in this concert, of the comparative power of the Philharmonic band in the performance of Beethoven and Mozart, which, as usual, proved very much in favour of the latter. The execution of Beethoven's *Eroica* was good and vigorous, but still fell short of perfection by something which it would be very difficult to measure or define. It was always on the point of realizing the composer's gorgeous ideal, and yet scarcely ever accomplished it. It fully developed those principles of colossal proportion on which Beethoven piles up the materials of his great orchestral works, but seemed, almost heedlessly, to pass over the profound sentiment which is no less their characteristic; and in this state of tantalizing approach towards perfection, do we ever find Beethoven's music, even when performed by the best orchestras of this country, though less so when under the direction of Mr. Moscheles than at any other time. Mozart's music has all the benefit of longer experience and better comprehension, and thus his D symphony went admirably;—we do not remember at any time to have heard the charming *Andante* more beautifully performed. The overtures, also, were played in the best Philharmonic style, and which told superbly in the beautiful and brilliant *Jessonda* of Spohr. After a long absence, John Cramer again delighted those who admire in him the perfections of pure and rational pianoforte playing. The Quartett of Mozart although neither extravagantly difficult nor in any way astounding, called forth from Mr. Cramer all those graces of style which have long since won for his playing the highest praise in the opinions of all those who can discover in music some other excellence than rapidity of motion. It was, in truth, an exquisite performance—firm, graceful, and replete with the truest perceptions of Mozart's beauties. Moreover, it was warmly and, strangely enough, *universally* applauded. We say *strangely*, for, if there be any consistence in the awards of approbation, the same people who were thrown into raptures by the playing of Mr. Liszt at the last concert, could scarcely have been gratified by that of Mr. Cramer:—at all events, no two things could be more dissimilar; the one was the insanity, the other the ripe reason, of practical music. Mr. Cramer was by no means well supported; neither the violin nor tenor were as adroitly handled as might be expected. The trio of Beethoven, in the second act, was a wonderful effort on all hands. It is the most difficult, and altogether the most extraordinary of Beethoven's works of its class, and the perfect style of its performance reflected the greatest credit on the parties engaged. We never heard Mr. Blagrove play better than on this occasion—Lindley, of course, was as vigorous as ever—and we could scarcely have expected from Mr. Loder, or any one else, such beautiful tenor-playing as we heard throughout. Mme. Caradori Allan sang Mozart's "Parto" with her usual refinement of manner, and was admirably seconded with the clarinet *obligato*. Mr. Williams is one of the most beautiful clarinet-players in this country, and were justice impartially dealt, would have more fre-

quent opportunities of displaying his talent. The *aria*, "Fern von ihm," sung by Mme. Caradori in the second act, was first heard in this country, we believe, at the concert given by Weber shortly before his death. It contains many characteristic traits of its composer, but on the whole, is not in his most artistical manner. Signor Tamburini's song in the first act, and the duet in the second act, were very satisfactory performances, and were abundantly applauded. Mr. T. Cooke led, and Mr. Moscheles conducted.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY had a very numerous meeting on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern, Sir John Rogers, Bart., permanent president, in the chair. A selection of sterling compositions was made from the works of Byrd, Farrant, Bateson, Bennett, Wilbye, Gibbons, Weelkes, Morley, Gastodi, Anerio, Donato, Marenzio, Dr. Tye, Ward, Saville, &c. This society, which will have been established, next year, just a century, has done more than any other towards preserving from oblivion the productions of the old masters; it possesses a library of nearly two thousand compositions, several of which have been rendered popular by Mr. Oliphant, who has adapted English words with characteristic propriety to the quaintness of the music. Among the company on Thursday were Lord Howe, Lord Saltoun, Lord Burghersh, Sir G. Clerke, Sir A. Barnard, Sir J. Campbell, Hon. A. Macdonald; also, Messrs. Hawes and Turle (conductors), Terrail, King, Lewis, Parry, Brownsmith, Evans, Elliott, Hopkins, Loder, Walmisley, and several of the Chapel-Royal cantos, as well as about thirty amateurs and members of the club, most of whom took a part, and the evening was passed in the most delightful manner imaginable.

MADAME DE BELVILLE OURY gave her *Matinée Musicale* yesterday morning, at the residence of Mrs. F. Perkins, in Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square. It commenced with Weber's Overture "Preciosa" which was spiritedly played by a small orchestra, comprising the talents of Benedict, Lidel, Puzzi, Oury, Reinagle, &c. In the course of the concert Madame Oury performed on the pianoforte the following compositions:—Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, the Andante of Thalberg, a Mazourka of Chopin, the Galop, composed by Liszt, and performed by him at Mrs. Toulmin and Mr. J. Parry's concert, a concertante duet with M. Oury, and the treble, in a duet, with Liszt, the composition of Bertini—and throughout displayed all those qualities which distinguish the first-rate *pianiste*—a wonderful command over the instrument and a firm and elastic touch; her playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto, which is extremely difficult, was exceedingly beautiful, and the Andante, Mazourka, and Galop, which Madame Oury played from memory, were executed with the most perfect ease. Amongst the female pianoforte-players of the present day that we have heard, Madame Oury is entitled to the highest rank. The concert was extremely well attended. Besides Madame Oury's performance, M. Oury performed a solo of his own composition on the violin: Signor Puzzi, in his usual beautiful manner, a solo on the horn—the Finale, from *Lucia*; Miss Hawes sang a new ballad, "I'm the Genius of Spring," and Mr. Parry his amusing Buffo Trio and "Wanted a Governess;" Signor Tamburini also sang two songs; Mdlle. Nau, "Prendi per me;" Mdlle. Ostergaard an Aria by Donizetti, from his opera of *Roberto Devereux*, and a duet with a new singer, of whom we had not before heard, a Signor Mussatti, a cognomen which sounds so unfamiliar to our ears that we cannot avoid thinking that he has been lately christened—he, however, has a good tenor voice and is a young man of considerable promise. Mr. Benedict conducted, accompanying the vocal music with much discrimination and good taste, we rejoice to hear, for *his sake*, that all the tickets for his concert, which takes place to-morrow, are disposed of; for the sake of our musical friends we regret the circumstance.

MR. W. S. BENNETT'S CONCERT.—The concert of this distinguished young artist, which took place on last Friday evening, was a treat of no ordinary calibre. A strong band was mustered in the orchestra, and opened the concert with Beethoven's symphony in A; but, in accordance with a fatality which seems to hang over benefit concerts, this beautiful composition did not go satisfactorily. The other orchestral performances were Mr. Bennett's fine overture to *Parisina*, and Weber's overture to *The Ruler of the Spirits*. The great attrac-

tion of the evening was, of course, the pianoforte-playing of the *beneficiare*, and truly exquisite it was. Than Mr. Bennett, we know no better illustration of the character of an artist, as distinguished from that of a mountebank;—the truth is, he is something *more* than a player—he is a composer. He has not devoted his life to the task of scrambling over the keys of the pianoforte against time, or of demonstrating the possibility of that which most sober people would deem impracticable, or, at least, with Dr. Johnson, would devoutly wish were so. Opposed to the ludicrous, and yet distressing, buffooneries of *fashionable* performance, we find in his playing as much execution as the pianoforte need ever be brought to endure, and, linked with it, a grace, a refinement, and an intense musical perception which no performer within our recollection has surpassed. His music equally bespeaks the highest qualities of an artist's mind. It has always an *intention*—it is always about *something*—it always leads to some end; and may even be contemplated with more delight after a year's acquaintance than it inspired on a first hearing. It is, perhaps, scarcely so *fast* as that of some of his *fashionable* rivals, nor are we ever permitted the entrancing anticipation of seeing the composer carried from the orchestra in a fainting state after its execution; but to those who draw a distinction between genius and lunacy, and who love music for its beauty rather than its ruleless extravagance, it ever provides a fund of unalloyed gratification. Of such qualities, the concerto in C minor which Mr. Bennett played on this occasion, furnishes a host of examples. It is, we think, his finest work of the kind, and a grander or more beautiful composition for the pianoforte we do not know. The *capriccio* in E major, which, if we recollect rightly, was also performed by the author at his concert of last season, is a deliciously imaginative work, abounding in rich forms of melody and the most varied and interesting treatment. It is almost needless to add that both these compositions were played—"recited," we suppose, will become the modish expression—with a perfection which very few living pianists besides Mr. Bennett have yet attained. Next to the performances of our young artist, we were most highly gratified by the cheering reception which we encountered. Proverbially unmindful as is England of the musical acquirements of her children, she would be debased indeed did she award less than the highest meed of encouragement to a man who is at once an ornament to his art and a credit to his country, and whose total freedom from vanity or affectation enhances, if possible, the attributes of his genius.

MR. HAWES AND MISS M. B. HAWES gave their concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday evening last. We regret that we were unable to be present, as it prevents our entering into the particulars of a concert, interesting, inasmuch as given by so talented a lady. We are glad to hear that it was most numerously attended.

ST. MARYLEBONE CHARITY CHILDREN.—The anniversary meeting of the charity children educated within this parish, amounting in number to between five and six thousand, took place at the Rectory Church on Tuesday morning last. At eleven o'clock, all the schools having arrived at the church, the fine organ poured forth its peals, and the effect produced from the rising of such a mass of children can scarcely be described. In this church a choir has been lately introduced, who on this occasion were assisted by a portion of the young gentlemen of Westminster Abbey. They chanted the "Venite" to the grand chaunt, the "Te Deum" to one by Randall, and sung the "Jubilate" to a very pleasing service composed by the late Mr. Jackson, of Exeter. We understand these portions of our Church service are usually performed on Sundays by the choir at the church, which rather adds to than diminishes the devotional feelings it is intended to produce. The children of the parochial charity school performed an anthem composed and presented by Mr. H. Greatorex, the late organist of the church, in a manner highly creditable to them. Its melody is exceedingly effective, and the chorus, in which the whole of the children joined, produced an excellent effect. They performed two other psalms, which for precision and effect could only be equalled at the meeting of the schools at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Frederick Oakley, Prebendary of Lincoln and Minister of Margaret Chapel. There were present nearly 3,000 children—*Morning Post*.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—Apollo Glee Club.—This very excellent musical fraternity closed a most successful and brilliant season on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., with a concert, in which female voices lent the highest charm to the performances, and the presence and applause of ladies were the stimulus to exertion and the guerdon of success. The room was numerously attended by a very respectable auditory, amongst whom were some of our leading musical amateurs and professors. The orchestral stage was tastefully decorated and draped for the occasion; and nothing was spared to give effect to the performances or gratification to the auditory. The concert opened with Bishop's chorus "Alliance we swear," which was sung with all that spirit which an intimate acquaintance and a just appreciation of the merits of this distinguished dramatic composition can alone awaken. It was followed by his fine glee "When wearied wretches," which was sung in a chaste, sweet style by Mrs. Birch (late Miss Turner), Messrs. Walton and Sheldrick. Pucitta's glee or trio, "Dolce tranquilita," introduced a *debutante* here, in the person of Miss Stott, a young lady seventeen years of age, a resident of Liverpool, who at once astonished and delighted every one present. Her voice is a very fine contralto, of much smoothness and sweetness of tone, with great power, and, we should suppose, considerable compass. The other singers in this piece were Miss Leach and Mr. Walton; and the merit of the composition and the beauty of the harmony produced an unanimous and enthusiastic encore. The composition was sung a second time, and was heard with undiminished gratification. The next piece, Weber's glee, "Where? what? oh, terror!" also introduced another candidate for musical honours in the person of Miss Bentley, of this town; this being her first appearance in public before any audience. She possesses a good contralto voice, of firm tone and some power, especially in the lower notes. As Miss Bentley sang only once, and that in a three-voice glee, and apparently had to contend against that natural timidity and tremor which attend a *debut*, we should not do justice to her by professing to be able to judge from the first essay, of what she may be capable. All we can say is, that she promises well; and that, when study and practice have given her that control over the voice without which no one can excel, we doubt not she will be found a desirable addition to our resident vocal talent, in which voices of this quality are the most rare. Bishop's glee, "What phrase sad and soft," was ably sung by Misses Leach, Stott, Messrs. Walton and Clough; and the fine, clear, mellow tones of Miss Stott's voice were very effective. The first part closed with Sir J. Stevenson's chorus, "Give me the harp," which had a capital foundation of bass, and was well performed. The second part commenced with that sweet madrigal, "O by rivers," for which we are indebted to Bishop's arrangement. The singers were Misses Leach and Stott, Mrs. Birch, Messrs. Buck, Clough, and Sheldrick; it was much relished and applauded. Miss Leach sang Guglielmi's "Gratias agimus tibi" very well; Mr. Schott's clarinet obligato was an able performance—firm, full and loud in the symphony, and subdued into the sweetest pianissimo, so as to harmonise with the voice. There was much applause, and some attempt to encore, which was not persevered in. One of the principal attractions of the evening was a very fine four-voice glee by Mr. J. Harris, organist at the Collegiate Church, which the author presented to the club, and which was sung there for the first time, accompanied by Mr. Harris on the piano. The words of this glee are by our townsman, Mr. Ner Gardiner. The musical composer has done justice to the words. The glee opens with a bass solo answered by the tenor and alto; the four voices then unite in a stately and choral harmony. The words "Thy sable wing's unwearied flight" have a very fine effect, produced by the fuguing; which gives to the music a floating and unresolved character, followed by some wild but exceedingly expressive chords, which, in the seventh and eighth lines, pass into a sweet and pensive melody; and thus the glee terminates happily to the feelings, like the well-wrought *dénouement* of a tale of fiction. "Where the bee sucks" was very nicely sung, and the concert concluded with another chorus of Bishop's (whose stores contributed five pieces, among the most gratifying and delightful of the evening's performances) "Merry boys, away!" which we need not say was well and spiritedly sung by the whole vocal force of the evening. The first solo was admirably sung by Miss Stott; and the duet and trio by that young lady, Miss Leach, and Mrs. Birch, were excellent. A heavy shower of rain, pattering on the glass domes of the room, while the chorus gave the words—

"We'll be so happy together,
In spite of the chances of weather."

caused some amusement by the application of the words to the actual position of the company.—We should not close this account without stating, that the pieces were accompanied on the piano by Mr. H. Charlton, with much ability. After the concert, a general invitation was given to the company to become the club's guests at supper, provided in another room. Mr. John Davies presided; the vice-presidents were Mr. W. Shore, and Mr. F. Abbott. After supper, the chairman gave "The Queen," which was duly honoured, and followed by "Hail, smiling morn." The next toast was "Prince Albert, the royal musician;" followed by the singular German glee, "Sum, sum." "The ladies," was the next toast, and it having been acknowledged, Miss Stott sang "Tell me, my heart," in such a style, as to call for an enthusiastic encore. After a neat speech from Mr. Shore, in reference to the advantages and delights of harmony, a suitable respond was given by some members of the club singing that gentleman's fine, and truly English glee, "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." The chairman next gave "The Manchester poets," which Mr. Ner Gardiner acknowledged. Several other musical pieces were given, and the company separated at a late hour, after a very pleasant evening.

The Choral Society's last public performance for the season is announced to take place on Thursday next, the 4th of June.

WARRINGTON.—*Musical Society*.—The society's eleventh public performance of sacred music took place at the Music Hall, Bewsey-street, on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. The hall was quite full, and the company consisted of the principal gentry and inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. The pieces performed were selected from Handel's *Messiah*, and the principal vocalists were Miss Penketh, the Misses Swains, of Liverpool, Miss Ann Phillips, and Messrs. Taylor and Brow. The air, "The people that walked in darkness," was most effectively sung by Mr. Taylor. Miss Ann Phillips, who made her first public *debut* upon the occasion, and who is, by the bye, a young lady of great promise as a vocalist, sang the air, "Thou didst not leave," with great sweetness and simplicity—a little more confidence would perhaps be desirable, but that time alone can accomplish. The duet, "Oh, lovely peace," by the Misses Swain, was most rapturously and deservedly encored. The choruses were sung with great effect. Mr. George Eyton of Liverpool, conducted the performance, which, as a whole, gave general satisfaction.

BOLTON.—*Mr. Thorp's Concert* took place on Wednesday evening, the 6th inst. It consisted principally of instrumental music, interspersed with some of Bishop's most popular glees. Mr. Seymour's gentlemanly manner of conducting the orchestra delighted all parties, and his solo on the violin was truly splendid. Miss Leach, Miss Thorp, Mr. Heelis, Mr. Sheldrick, &c., acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. The solos upon the clarinet, oboe, flute, corneo bassetto, bassoon, &c., truly delighted the audience. We do not imagine that Mr. Thorp has realised much by this experiment, but it is laudable on his part, to introduce a taste for instrumental, as well as vocal music in the town. We can only say that we wish him success in future.

CHELTEMHAM.—Messrs. Sapio and Uglov injudiciously gave each a concert here last week on the same day. Mr. Sapio sang several compositions at his concert exceeding well, and his brother, who possesses a good bass voice, made his first appearance in Cheltenham. Mr. Uglov, at his concert, played one of De Beriot's fantasias for the violin, and was much and deservedly applauded. Pio Cianchetti conducted in his usual able manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY will give performances of Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, on the 17th and 26th of next month.

PIANISTS.—The following pianoforte concerto players are in the metropolis at present:—Liszt, Moscheles, Benedict, Herz, Dohler, Potter, Schulz, Kiallmark, Holmes, Salaman, Bennett, Dorrell, Litolf, Neate, Kollmann, Forbes, and last, although by no means the least, the father of the pianists, J. B. Cramer; Mesdames Dulcken, Belleville Oury, Hullah; Misses Ludvig, Laidlaw, Broadhurst, Dorrell, and Mrs. Anderson, besides several excellent performers belonging to the Royal Academy of Music.

ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, CHELSEA NEW TOWN.—The organ recently erected in this church by Gray, was exhibited by Mr. Robert Gray on Monday evening last. The instrument is of a rich and brilliant quality of tone, and was universally admired. The church was consecrated on Wednesday by the Bishop of London, when Mr. Gray again presided. Mr. Salisbury has been appointed the organist.

MME. DORUS GRAS arrived in town from Paris on Tuesday evening. Her first appearance was at the Ancient Concert last night. She is engaged to sing at the last two concerts of the Philharmonic; also at several benefit concerts.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—We have been informed that the members of the Royal Society of Female Musicians intend to give their first public concerts, by themselves; that is, they will not allow any of the naughty men-folk to assist them. Be it remembered that this is leap-year!

YORK MINSTER has again narrowly escaped destruction by fire. About nine o'clock on the night of Wednesday week flames were seen to issue from the belfry at the south-western end of the cathedral. The alarm was given, and fire-engines were speedily brought to play upon that part of the building; but the fire advanced so rapidly, that within an hour the belfry was reduced to a mere shell. The bells fell with a heavy crash through the floors. Very soon the flames reached the roof of the nave; from which the melted lead poured in red-hot masses upon the marble floor below, making sad havoc of the carved wood-work and the windows in its course. Great exertions were made to prevent the fire from reaching the lantern-tower; for the entire building must have been destroyed had that happened. The conflagration was got under about two o'clock. Next day, the fine old edifice presented a melancholy appearance. The roof of the nave was completely stripped off, and every pillar damaged. The choir, the beautiful screen, and the organ, were uninjured; but of the belfry only a few fragments remain. It was conjectured that the fire might have been caused by the carelessness of some workmen employed in repairing the clock; but a strict investigation as to its origin has since taken place, and there is not the least reason to suppose it otherwise than the result of accident. The injury is more extensive than that caused by the fanatic Martin in 1829, and it is somewhat singular that it was this part of the Minster which he at first attempted to set fire to but failed in accomplishing his purpose.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT have visited during the past week Astley's Amphitheatre to witness the surprising feats of Mr. Ducrow and his stud. The royal pair were at the Opera on Thursday evening last, Lablache's benefit, when *Don Giovanni* was performed; they took their seats *previous* to the commencement of the overture, and on Tuesday evening were also present at a repetition of the same opera.

THE DRAMA IN THE COUNTRY.—The following is the heading to one of the Bath play-bills:—"Theatre Royal, Bath.—In consequence of the rapturous applause bestowed on Rossini's! Rossini's!! grand opera seria, the *Maid of Palaiseu*, produced, for the first time, in the city of Bath, on Tuesday, May 5th—by eleven in the boxes! nine in the pit! and twenty-eight in the gallery! it will be repeated this evening, to give the lovers of music another opportunity of hearing the composition of that great master."

MR. VINCENT NOVELLO AND MR. TOPLIFF have been delivering lectures on music. The former gentleman on the early writers of Italy, at the London Institution; the lectures were read by Mr. Charles Cowden Clark, and the illustrations sung by Miss Clara Novello and others, accompanied on the piano by Mr. V. Novello. The lectures given by Mr. Topliff were on the "Rise and Progress of Music," and delivered at the Three Tuns Tavern, Borough; but as we did not receive a ticket of admission until within a few days past, in consequence of some accidental circumstance, we are prevented entering into particulars.

LORD BURGHESH.—Not only are the subscribers to the Ancient Concerts indebted to Lord Burghersh for his exertions to uphold their dignity, but the musical public in general, and the profession in particular, owe his lordship a debt of gratitude for rescuing from oblivion some of the finest compositions that were ever penned. The idea of establishing the Academy of Music originated with Lord Burghersh; and its present flourishing state is chiefly owing to his lordship's influence and constant superintendence as chairman of the committee of management. This institution will, at no distant period, be enabled to furnish an orchestra of native talent equal to any of the kind on the Continent; and there is no doubt but that the present tyros will, in the course of time, become *Ancients*, as the band of this establishment is technically denominated.

ST. MILDRED, POULTRY.—One of those farces of so frequent occurrence, the election of an organist, took place at the church of the above parish, on Wednesday week. There were no less than *forty* candidates, *thirty* of whom played upon one of those miserable *short octave* organs to be found at every third or fourth church in the city. The exhibition commenced at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and terminated at half-past eleven at night. And who, readers, do you think was the umpire?—Mr. Adams, or Mr. Gauntlett, “the celebrated amateur pedalist,” as he designates himself when lately “doing the provinces?”—Neither—but *the good ladies of the parish*, on the very proper principle, that as they have to hear the music on the Sunday, they should choose the organist. The consequence is, that notwithstanding the excellent playing of Mr. Troth and Mr. Westrop, the *only* candidates who *could* play, a lady who *cannot* play is to be the future parish organist. It was highly amusing to observe the name of each candidate, when playing, displayed over the side of the gallery, written in a good bold hand, that the ladies’ umpires might be the better able to form a fair and impartial judgment as to the merits of the performer.

HANDEL’S SUBLIME ORATORIO, *The Messiah*, will be performed on Wednesday next, under the special auspices of the Royal and Noble Directors of the Ancient Concerts, for the benefit of that excellent charitable institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, the public rehearsal of which will take place on Monday morning.

THE CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC have been more numerously attended this year than since the palmy days of George III. Much credit is due to Mr. W. Greatorex (son of the late conductor), solicitor and secretary, for the arrangements, which were made under his superintendence, for the royal and distinguished personages who have honoured the performances with their presence.

THE CATCH CLUB.—The members of this club had their usual dinner on Tuesday last, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James’s-street. Mr. C. N. Bayly was chairman. The Duke of Beaufort and rather a numerous party sat down to a most excellent dinner.

THE BRILLIANT STYLE OF PIANOFORTE PLAYING.—Miss Clavering had been seduced into the brilliant style of playing not only by her own remarkable power of execution, but by the high estimation in which that style was held, as well by amateurs as by distinguished professors. At a party one evening, at which Delamere was present, a lady of great repute as a pianist sat down to the instrument, and played the Lichnowsky sonata of Beethoven with a dazzling rapidity that was truly wonderful. “Divinely played,” said one of the party, coming up to Delamere, who was conversing with Emily, “this shows what may be done by the pianoforte.” Delamere nodded assent, not caring to intimate any difference of opinion; but when again left alone with Emily, he expressed his sentiments without reserve. “As to showing what may be done by the pianoforte, it shows what may be done upon it with ten fingers, but nothing more. If music had no other end but to exhibit the manual dexterity of the performer, it would not deserve to rank higher as an art than any other sleight-of-hand. In what we have just heard, the beautiful thoughts of Beethoven were all dispersed in air. They were sacrificed to *display*. As a performance it was a specimen of marvellous execution, but, as embodying the conception, the genius, the inspiration of that great composer, it was a complete failure.” Emily felt the truth and force of these remarks, and from that evening she gave up the *brilliant* school for the *intellectual*.—*New Novel*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will give a “Constant Reader” the information respecting Miss Romer next week. “A Provincial Subscriber” whose letter bears the Hertford post-mark, and a “Young Professor,” of Axminster, are informed that we intend giving an article on the subject at an early period. “A Subscriber” to a periodical of whose existence we were (like the postman) ignorant, asks questions which any person could answer; we therefore do so with much pleasure. Mr. Warne is the organist of the Temple Church: as to a first tenor singer in this country, he may take his choice of the many capital second tenors we have.

TO OUR PROVINCIAL FRIENDS.

We have received a letter from the Secretary of the Apollo Glee Club, Manchester, and he will perceive that we have inserted the notice of the last meeting of the Club, in the provincial department of our miscellany; we beg to inform him, as well as our Provincial Friends generally, that we are always happy to chronicle in the "Musical World" whatever may be going on amongst them in a musical way and to devote as much space as possible for that object.

Our Manchester friends are informed that we have appointed Messrs. Simms and Dinham, booksellers of that town, agents for the sale of the "Musical World," of whom, as well as of Messrs. Hime, Beale, and Co., and other music and booksellers, the work may be there obtained.

At Liverpool, Mr. Wareing Webb, of South Castle-street, has become our agent, and he will supply the trade and the public in that town and its neighbourhood: likewise at Birmingham, Messrs. Wrightson and Webb. We trust from these parts, at any rate, we shall hear of no more difficulty in procuring our publication.

One thing we shall esteem a favour, which is, that our friends, from whom we shall always be happy to hear, will have the kindness to furnish us with notices of concerts, &c., or newspapers containing them, as early as possible in the week, and in future, anything received later than Wednesday cannot by any possibility be inserted in the number of that week.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

This Evening.—Mr. Neate's First Soirée, Hanover-square Rooms. Meeting of the Melodists' Club. Italian Opera (Persiani's benefit): Nozze di Figaro. German Opera: Fidelio.

Friday.—Morning—Benedict's Concert, Opera Concert-room. Evening—German Opera: A Night in Grenada.

Saturday.—Morning—Miss Bruce, Mr. W. Dorrell, and Miss Dorrell's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Italian Opera.

Sunday.—Morning—Rehearsal of the Messiah, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Fifth Societa Armonica Concert, Opera Concert-room. Mr. Eliason's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. German Opera: Der Freyschutz.

Tuesday.—Morning—Miss Masson and the Misses Broadhurst's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms. Evening—Italian Opera.

Wednesday.—Evening—The Messiah, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, Hanover-square Rooms. German Opera.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.			
Schmidt, A.—Five Finger Exercises	Z. T. Purday.	Craven.—The Royal Bridal March	Coventry.
—Preparatory Studies	Ditto.	Jullien.—Diana Grande Valse, with cornet à pistons	Wessel.
Bertini, H.—Pianist's Friend, or Easy Studies to precede those of J. B. Cramer	Ditto.	Duvernay.—Les Bleuettes: two petits rondeaux. No. 1.—Theme de Meyerbeer.	
Hopkinson, J.—Pianoforte Tutor	Ditto.	No. 2.—Theme de Bellini	Ditto.
Liszt.—Selection from the Studies of Mercandante.—Il Bravo, or La Veneziana, the favourite airs from; book 1	Boosey.	Glover, C.—Versar potra le lagrime; variations	T. E. Purday.
Burgmüller.—Souvenir Germanique, op. 59	Chappell.	Metz, J.—Rondolletto sur un Motif de l'opera Elisir d'Amore	Ditto.
Czerny, C.—Brilliant Fantasia on the most favourite airs from Torquato Tasso	Cramer.	Adam, A.—Introduction to the Art of Playing the Pianoforte	Ditto.
—Brilliant Fantasia on the most favourite airs from Un Adventure di Scaramouche	Ditto.	Kaliwodna.—Brilliant Contredanses, four hands	Ewer.
Liszt, F.—Fantasia Romantique sur deux Melodies Suisses	Ditto.	(Duets.)	
—Rondo Fantastique sur un theme Espagnol (El Contrabandista)	Ditto.	Diabelli.—Il Giuramento; book 3	Chappell.
Devaux, A.—Standard Operas (edited by) no. 16, Clemenza di Tito	Ditto.	Spohr.—Overture to Macbeth, forming no. 18 of the Echo of the Opera	Wessel.
Strauss.—The Queen's Band March	Coventry.	Thalberg.—Series of Grand Brilliant Duets, nos. 1, 2, 3, 4	Ditto.
		Tolbecque.—Quadrille from Ruolz's opera, La Vendetta	Ditto.

(List of New Publications continued.)

VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

- Kalliwoða.—Second and Third Concertina, with orchestra *Ewer.*
 —Grand Fantasia, op. 41, with orchestra *Ditto.*
 —Second Potpourri, with orchestra *Ditto.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Strauss.—Twelve Waltzes for two Violins *Z. T. Purday.*
 Mendelssohn.—First Grand Trio, pianoforte, flute, and bass *Ewer.*
 Kalliwoða.—Grand Rondo, flute and pianoforte, with orchestra *Ditto.*
 Molique.—Works of, with pianoforte accompaniment, no. 12, 13, 14, revised by the author *Wessel.*

Guitar Selection, no. 12, 'God save the queen' *Chappell.*

VOCAL.

- Macfarren, G. A.—The remembrance of those that are gone *Chappe ll*
 St. Leger, H. J.—Dear friend of infancy *Ditto.*
 —Mrs.—In early childhood's smiling morn *Ditto.*
 Bennett, W. S.—Genevieve; romance for pianoforte *Corentry.*
 Nielson.—By the waters of Babylon *Ditto.*
 Nigri, G.—Il Consiglio Serenata *Boosey.*
 Catrufo Nouvelle Methode de Solfege Progressif; two books *Ditto.*
 Fry, A.—Meet me in the valley *T. E. Purday.*
 Horn, C. E.—Long time ago *Ditto.*
 Knight, J. P.—My happy village home *Ditto.*

MR. BLAGROVE'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, patronized by Her Majesty the QUEEN-DOWAGER and their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Cambridge, Princess Augusta, and the Duchess of Gloucester, to take place on WEDNESDAY, June 10, at HANOVER ROOMS. Vocalists—Mme. Dorus Gras, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, the Misses Williams, and Miss Bruce; Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Parry. Pianoforte—the celebrated Mr. Litloff. Harp—Miss Fanny Croly (her first appearance). Violin—Mr. Blagrove. Beethoven's Septuor will be performed for Thirty-six Instruments. The orchestra will be complete. Leader—Mr. Loder. Pianoforte-accompanist—Mr. Charles Blagrove. Tickets and Programmes at the Music shops.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.—Mr. S. BENNETT. Third Concerto in C Minor, for the pianoforte, dedicated to J. B. Cramer: 8s. Performed by the Author with unbounded applause at his Concert, Friday, May 22. Overture, Parisina, Duet; 4s. Classical Practice for Pianoforte Students, selected from the most celebrated Composers, ancient and modern:—No. 1: Clementi Sonata, op. 40; 5s. No. 2: Dussek, op. 35; 5s. Genevieve; romance for pianoforte; 2s. Coventry and Hollier, 71, Dean-street, Soho; where may be had all the above Author's Works.

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